



Peter
Scratch



THE NAME IS PETER SCRATCH!

Stand aside and make room for a free-swinging private investigator by the name of Peter Scratch!

In pursuit, in romance, in trouble — Peter Scratch is a hard-bitten fighter. He's smart enough to solve a diabolical scheme, but not always shrewd enough to avoid a blow on the head while kissing a voluptuous blonde!

Follow the adventures of this exciting new comic strip character every day in The Des Moines Register, beginning Monday, Sept. 13, and every Sunday, beginning Sept. 19, in the Des Moines Sunday Register. Don't miss the action — order today! Contact your local representative, write us or, in Des Moines, call 243-2111.

The Action Starts Monday, September 13!



Peter Scratch Is Coming!

Call to all the best agents now!

INTERNATIONALLY INTRIGUING



PETER SORATCH has just played his 100th movie and still manages to keep himself busy.

Recently, despite past efforts by Hollywood producers to keep him away, he continues to act in a number of projects.

Now he has a newly completed film he played in just recently, *Death Sentence*, and it should arrive in the winter. And *Death*...

MR. HOLLOWAY is yet another movie about how to live your life... and how audiences keep getting more and more bored with the way it's being played.

He starred in *Witness* in 1959, as Edward G. Robinson's son in *Home for the Holidays* and *Death Sentence* is the latest film to keep him from getting bored about the same topic of audiences having to be more and more bored themselves.

Now the **Des Moines Register** has the **Des Moines Register** for the Des Moines Register. So you'll always know what's happening with



Follow
PETER
SORATCH
Only and Sunday in

The Des Moines Register

Des Moines, Iowa's only full newspaper
in the city, twice the money, twice the news.



"THE NAME IS SCRATCH! I'M A PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR, PETER SCRATCH. FUNNY NAME, SCRATCH? I GUESS SO. CHARACTERS WOULD DO ANYTHING FOR A LAUGH. CALL ME 'PETER THE RICHT' THEY DO IT ONCE—NEVER AGAIN. YOU'VE GOT TO REMEMBER, SCRATCH ALSO MEANS DOUGH, OR THE DEVIL. REMEMBER THAT."

9-13
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"I JUST FINISHED A CASE. A REAL DIRTY ONE—DIVORCE STUFF. I TOOK IT BECAUSE I NEEDED THE DOUGH, BUT I'VE GOT A DELICATE STOMACH, AND WHEN MY CLIENT, A LOUDE NAME HARVEY YOUNGER, IMPLIED I WAS LESS THAN EFFICIENT AT MY LIFE'S CALLING..."

"I RESIGNED!"



"I HAD JUST SEEN MY LATEST CLIENT TO THE STAIRS—WHEN HE RUNS INTO THIS CLEVER LOOKING LITTLE CREEP COMING UP."



"I'M SORRY, MISTER, BUT YOU SHOULD HAVE USED THE ELEVATOR."

"ELEVATOR? I SAW NO ELEVATOR."



"YOU CONFUSE ME MR SCRATCH. FRANKLY, WITH THE TROUBLE I AM NOW IN, I DO NOT KNOW IF YOU CAN HELP ME OR HINDER ME."

"HE HAD A POINT THERE."



"MY NEW CLIENT WAS HANS FURST. HE LOOKED SO BAKED I TOOK HIM HOME FOR ONE OF LUCRETIA'S HAM HOCK FEASTS. HANS DOESN'T LET THAT ROLLED UP PACKAGE HE HUGS OUT OF HIS HANDS FOR A SECOND."



"HANS—THIS IS MY MOTHER. YOU CAN CALL HER MOM. I CALL HER LUCRETIA."

"BUTTON UP YOUR LIP, SON, AND INTRODUCE YOUR MOTHER PROPER!"



"ALL THROUGH THE MEAL HANS KEPT SWIMMING HIS SKINNY NECK BETWEEN LUCRETIA AND ME LIKE HE DIDN'T BELIEVE WE WERE REALLY RELATED. BUT WE ARE."



"WHILE LUCRETIA IS SHOWING HANS MY OLD MAN'S POLICE MEDALS, THE BELL RINGS. THE LITTLE CREEP STILL HAS A FULL NELSON ON THAT PACKAGE."

"EXPECTING NOT UNTIL I GET A PEEK AT WHO'S AT THE DOOR, LUCRETIA?"



"MY POOR DARLING!"

"ME?"



"NOT YOU, PON JUAN—HIM!"

"THIS WAY SHE GRABS HIM. IT'S OBVIOUS THEY'RE NOT RELATED BY BLOOD—ONLY PASSION."



"GRAB HIM—HE'S PASSING OUT!"



"I DON'T KNOW. MAYBE IF A BROAD KISSED ME LIKE THAT I'D PASS OUT, TOO! HOW'S YOUR FIRST AID, LUCRETIA?"



"WHERE IS CLEOPATRA?"

"MY PAINTING—MY TREASURE!"



"I DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED. AT FIRST I THOUGHT SHE WAS YOUR FRIEND... THEN SHE EMBRACED ME... AND I FELT A PRESSURE ON MY NECK—HERE."

"SWALLOW IT! I PUT HAIR ON YOUR CHEST."



"THAT BROAD WAS TRYING TO KNOCK YOU OUT. WHY, HANS?"

"MY PAINTING—MY MASTERPIECE!"



"SO YOU'LL PAINT ANOTHER ONE, SONNY."

"ANOTHER ONE!! MADAME—THAT WAS A REMBRANDT... VALUED AT OVER ONE MILLION U.S. DOLLARS!"

"SO WHO SAID CRIME DOESN'T PAY?"

"PETER SCRATCH, PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR. IT'S A LIVING, IF YOU CAN CALL PLAYING NURSEMAID TO GODBALLS LIKE HANS FURST LIVING!"

"HANS HAS BEEN FROZEN STIFF BY A MYSTERIOUS BLONDE WHO HAD BARGED INTO OUR DINNER, FAMILY STYLE AND BARGED OUT WITH A PAINTING..."

"LIKE MOST GUYS, I HAVE A MOTHER, BUT LUCRETIA'S NOT LIKE MOST MOTHERS."

"MY MASTERPIECE, MY REMBRANDT!"

"STRAIGHTEN OUT, HANSY BOY, OR I'LL SIC PETER ON YOU. NOW TAKE A DEEP BREATH AND START MAKING SENSE!"

"I TRUST YOU, SO I WILL TELL YOU EVERYTHING. I AM AN ILLEGAL ALIEN. I COULD NOT HELP IT—THE QUOTA FROM MY COUNTRY IS FILLED FOR THE NEXT SEVEN YEARS."



"I HAD ARRANGED TO CROSS THE BORDER FOR A CONSIDERABLE SUM OF MONEY. ON THIS NIGHT I WAS WAITING WHERE THEY TOLD ME TO—ON A LONELY ROAD."

"A CAR PULLED UP, THE DRIVER—A WOMAN—MOTIONED ME IN. WE DROVE IN SILENCE, MY HEART BEATING SO LOUD I WAS SURE IT MADE A NOISE."

"ALL YOU KNOW IS THAT SOME BREAD IS DRIVING A CAR ACROSS THE BORDER, AND YOU'RE LOADED WITH A SACK OF VALUABLE PAINTINGS?"

"LEGITIMATE. THEY HAD BEEN IN MY FAMILY FOR MANY YEARS."

"SUDDENLY THE MOTOR STALLS..."

"GET OUT AND TAKE A LOOK AT THE MOTOR, MISTER."

"BUT I AM NOT FAMILIAR—



"I AM SHIVERED. I GET OUT, AND BEFORE MY FOOT TOUCHES THE GROUND OF FREEDOM, THIS SHE-BEAST SPEEDS AWAY—with my paintings!"

"SO THE LADY CHAUFFEUR TAKES OFF WITH YOUR PAINTINGS, HANS?"

"ALL BUT THE REMBRANDT, WHICH—BY SOME ACCIDENT, I HAVE BEEN HOLDING IN MY HAND WHEN I GET OUT OF THE CAR."

"AND THAT'S WHY YOU LOOK UP, PETER. YOU WANT SOMEONE TO RECOVER THOSE PAINTINGS?"

"YES, BUT NOW IT IS EVEN MORE IMPORTANT! THEY HAVE THE JEWEL OF MY COLLECTION, MY BEAUTIFUL REMBRANDT."

"THIS IS A BUSINESS? AN ILLEGAL ALIEN HIRSES ME TO FIND SOME PICTURES WHICH WERE PROBABLY HOT TO START WITH!"



9-23

"THIS DRIVER—WOULD YOU RECOGNIZE HER?"

"I DO NOT THINK SO. SHE HAD DARK HAIR, I THINK, AND ON THE BACK OF HER NECK..."

"...THERE WAS A HEART-SHAPED MOLE. THAT IS ALL."

"FIND A BRUNETTE WITH A HEART-SHAPED MOLE ON HER NECK? SIMPLE."

"I'M NOT THE BRIGHTEST GUY IN THE WORLD AND I GOT A MAN-SIZED APPETITE, SO INSTEAD OF TOSING THE CRAZY LITTLE CREEP OUT, I TELL HIM..."

"I'LL TAKE THE CASE, HANS."



9-24

"TAKE IT AWAY, IT'S POISON."

"DON'T GIVE YOUR MOTHER, NONE OF YOUR LIP, SON."

"IT'S GOOD FOR THE ULCER, YOU'RE BUCKING FOR, PETER. YOU TAKE THE HANS FURST CASE."

"I JUST DID, LUCRETIA."

"I'LL GIVE IT A LITTLE OF MY TIME. WITH ME MASTERS-MINING, MAYBE YOU COULD MAKE A HIT."

"THAT'S MY MAMA—INDUSTRIAL, GOLF-SPACKING AND BRIGHT...REAL BRIGHT, BEIDES WHICH I WOULDN'T HAVE TAKEN ON HANS FURST IF I COULDN'T COUNT ON HER."

9-25



WHEN MY NODDY NEW CLIENT—HANS PURST—GETS HIS REMBRANDT REPAINTED IN MY OWN HOUSE, I FIGURE IT'S ONLY FAIR TO TAKE A TRIP TO THE MARBLE MUSEUM, TO FIND OUT ALL ABOUT THIS ART GAMBIT.



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SOMETHING HAPPENS TO THIS OTIS BAUME... ONCE SHE CUTS OUT FROM THE MUSEUM... AND SOMETHING HAPPENS TO ME WHEN LINDA SAYS HELLO LIKE A COLLEGE SPONSORSHIP DREAM.



WHEN MY OLD MOTHER, LUCRETIA, TELLS ME TO GET TO KNOW SOMEONE WHO PAYS AKIR—SHE DIDN'T MEAN TO GET TO KNOW THEM SO WELL SO FAST!



SO WHILE LUCRETIA—MY GRAY-HAIRED OLD MAMA—BABY-SITS WITH PURST, I BRACE THE FIRST ART CRITIC I RUN INTO AT THE MUSEUM, A LEFT OVER FROM A DAISY GEM NAMED LINDA OTIS.



OF ALL THE FOUL GUTTER TACTICS—
THIS MAN HURTING YOU, LINDA!

** HEAR A VOICE AND THEN WHAT FEELS LIKE A STEEL VISE CLAMPS AROUND MY NECK....

SIDNEY LET MR. SCRATCH ALONE.
I DON'T LIKE HIM!

AGAINST ACRES OF MUSCLES LIKE SIDNEY'S GOT, YOU DON'T STAND UP AND FIGHT. YOU ACT FAST AND SAY A SILENT PRAYER...



SIDNEY—
PUT HIM DOWN!

NOW I KNOW ONE THING,
THE STEEL VISE'S NAME IS SIDNEY.

I KNOW SIDNEY'S TYPE—
AND FROM SIDNEY'S TYPE
YOU STAY AWAY... SO LET THEM CALL YOU YELLOW!



SIDNEY—SHE SAID
PUT ME DOWN! DON'T
BOWL ME!

I DON'T THINK
I LIKE YOU, MISTER.

BUT IF SIDNEY IS STUBBORN, YOU USE THE PETER SCRATCH PATENTED STOP—GUARANTEED TO GET ANYBODY'S GUARD DOWN.



WHILE I'M DOING RESEARCH WITH THE LITTLE PAUSE FROM THE MUSEUM, LUCRETIA IS PLAYING SITTER TO MY NERVOUS CLIENT, HANS PURST.



GAMES OVER, SIDNEY!



BY THE WAY, WHAT I CAME UP TO SEE YOU ABOUT WAS A QUICK COURSE IN THE VALUE OF PAINTINGS—REMBRANDT'S, IN PARTICULAR, ARE WE STILL GOING TO DINNER TOGETHER?



DRINK THIS WARM MILK, MR. PURST. IT'LL PUT HAIR ON YOUR CHESTL.



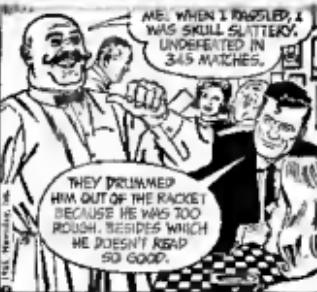
HAIR I DON'T NEED MRS. SCRATCH, MY PRECIOUS, MY LOVELY REMBRANDT—THAT I NEED!



STOP DRIPPING, HANS. PETER'S WORKING FOR YOU AND WITH A SCRATCH ON THE JOB, MY LATE MURKIN HAD TO SAY THE JOB HALF DONE.



THAT'S MY MAM—
MORST TO A FAULT!



LINDA OTIS, THE ART EXPERT WITH THE EPICUREAN EYES, SURE PULLED THE PLUG OUT OF THE MISSING REMBRANDT CASE...

LISTEN TO THIS—PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR PETER SCRATCH REFUSED TO COMMENT ON THE VALUE OR SUSPECTED WHEREABOUTS OF THE MASTERPIECE...

HOW YOU HAVE UPSET THE APPLE CART, MR. PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR...

BZZZ OFF, HANS! I WANT TO THINK...

NOTICE ANYTHING PUZZLING ABOUT HANS PURST, SON?

IT DOESN'T TAKE 20-20 VISION TO FIGURE OUT THE LITTLE MAN HAN'S EXACTLY BROKEN-HEARTED ABOUT ALL THE PUBLICITY, SON.

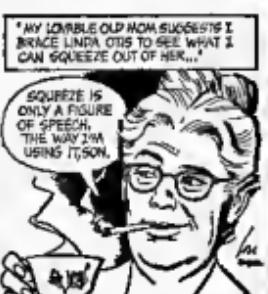
CHECK ME ON THIS, SON: HANS PURST IS AN ILLEGAL ALIEN WHO SHUGGLES IN SOME PAINTINGS. HIS MOST VALUABLE ONE GETS COPIED BY A BLONDE...

WHEN THIS STORY HITS THE PAPERS, INSTEAD OF TEARING HIS SCALP, THE LITTLE ODD-BALL STRIKES US BOTH AS BEING VERY CHEERFUL... WHY?

WHAT MAKES PEOPLE SMILE? A CUTE KID, A STEAK RAKE, OR MONEY?

LITTLE HANSIE IS THE KIND OF CHARACTER WHO REACTS TO MONEY...

YOU WERE WIDE OPEN FOR THAT CHOPPER, SON.

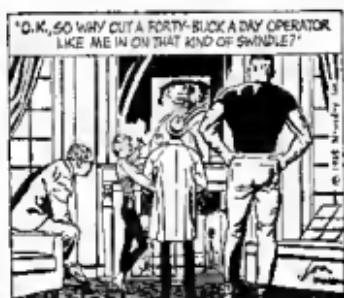


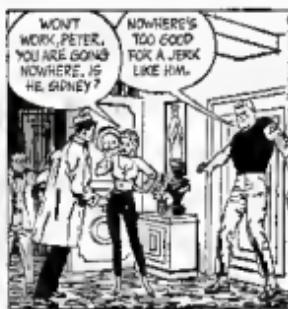
"HOW DOES A PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR END UP WHEN HE MIXES ONE CLIENT, HANS FURST, WITH A GORGEOUS BLONDE AND A MISSING REMBRANDT?"

"MISS OTIS WILL SEE YOU IN A MOMENT."



"MAYBE SOME CHARACTERS WOULD PAWN A GOLD INLAY TO BE ALONE WITH A FISH LIKE LINDA OTIS. MAYBE UNDER DIFFERENT CIRCUMSTANCES I WOULD TOO. BUT NOT NOW!"





"YOU'LL UNDERSTAND WHY I'M NOT OPERATING SO GOOD WHEN YOU CONSIDER THAT I'VE BEEN BEAR-HUGGED BY AN APE CALLED SIDNEY, AND KICKED BY MY EX-CLIENT, A FINICKY LITTLE RODENT BY THE NAME OF HANS FURST..."



"I'LL LEAVE HIM OFF THE ROOF—SO FAR AWAY NOBODY WILL EVER FIGURE OUT WHICH BUILDING HE CAME FROM."



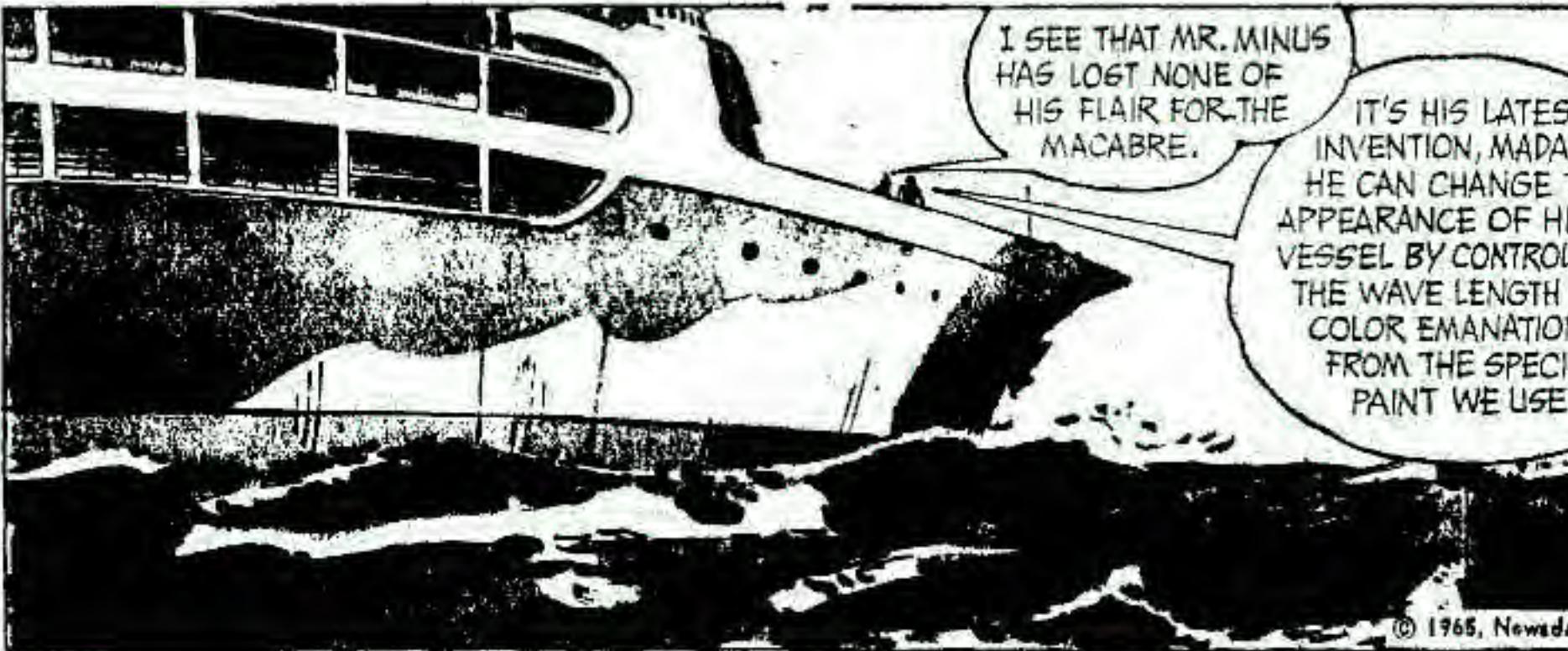
"© 1966, Monday Inc.
"WHILE LINDA BAUMS TRYING TO THINK HOW I'M GOING TO DIE, I'M BUSY TRYING TO DOPe OUT A FOOL-PROOF METHOD OF NOT DYING! THIS COULD END IN A TIE!"





PETER SCRATCH

by LOU FINE



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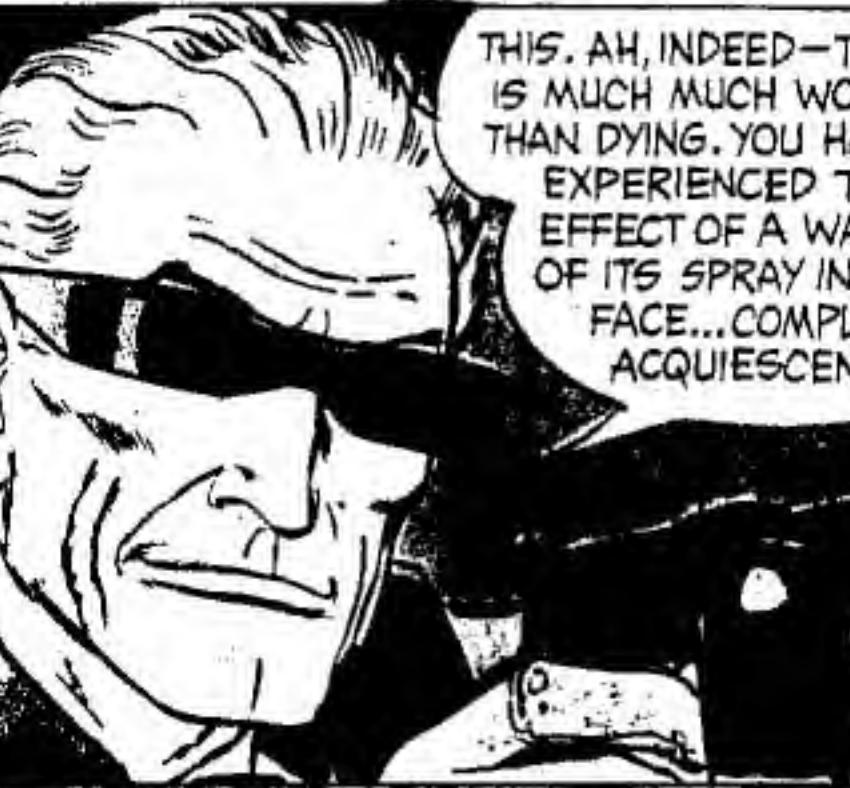
"FIRST THEY SPRAY ME WITH SOME KIND OF 'YES' DUST, AND NOW THEY SPRING THE GIRL I'M SUPPOSED TO RESCUE—LOOKING LIKE SHE ENJOYED EVERY MINUTE ON THIS SEA-GOING MAUSOLEUM."



NO DRINKEE, PAL-EE! I PUT MY NECK ON THE LINE TO SAVE YOU AND YOU WIND UP COZYING UP WITH THESE CREEPS! HOW DO YOU SPELL MY KIND OF SLICKER?



VIOLENCE WILL NOT BE NECESSARY, MR. A. JAX. AT LEAST I HOPE SO AS SOON AS OUR GUEST LEARNS OUR INTENTIONS WITH REGARD TO HIM.



PETER SCRATCH**by LOU FINE**

"MY HEAD FEELS LIKE IT'S ON A RENTAL BASIS, AND I'VE SKIPPED THE LAST TWO PAYMENTS...WHEN I HEAR THIS SCRATCHING AT THE DOOR..."

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IF THERE'S SOMETHING HUMAN OUT THERE... HEAR THIS...THE DOOR'S LOCKED AND UNLESS YOU'VE GOT A GIFT FOR SLIPPING THROUGH KEYHOLES...GO BACK...

"SEEMS LIKE SOMETHING HUMAN IS OUT THERE...AND IT'S GOT A KEY..."

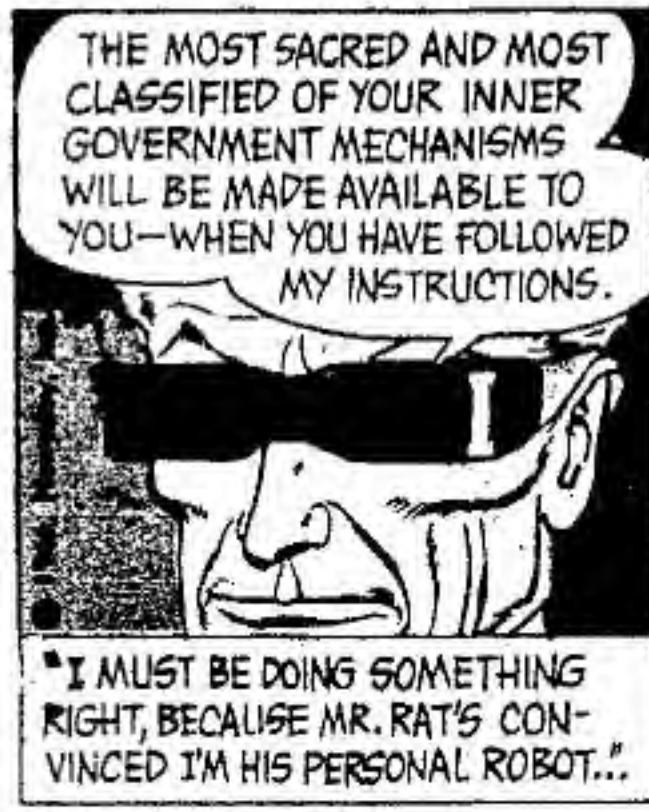
"...AND IT'S GORGEOUS."

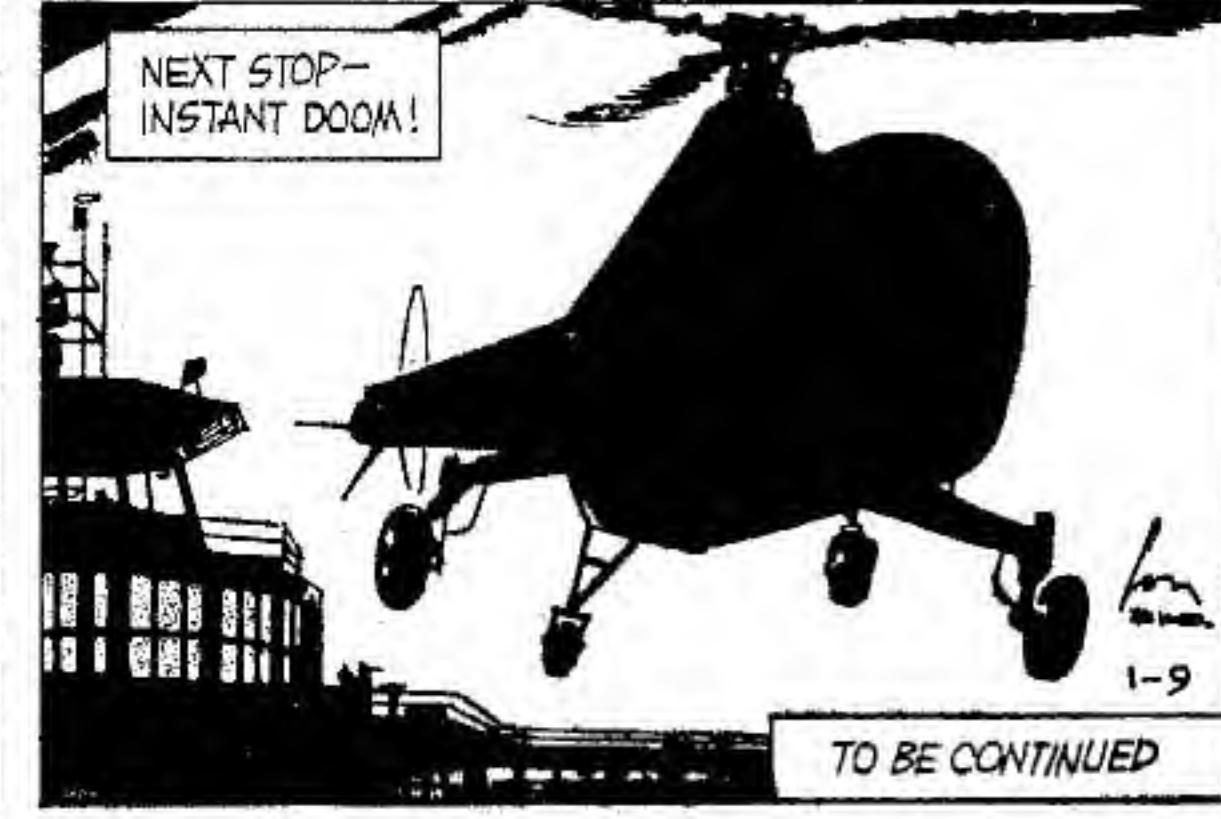
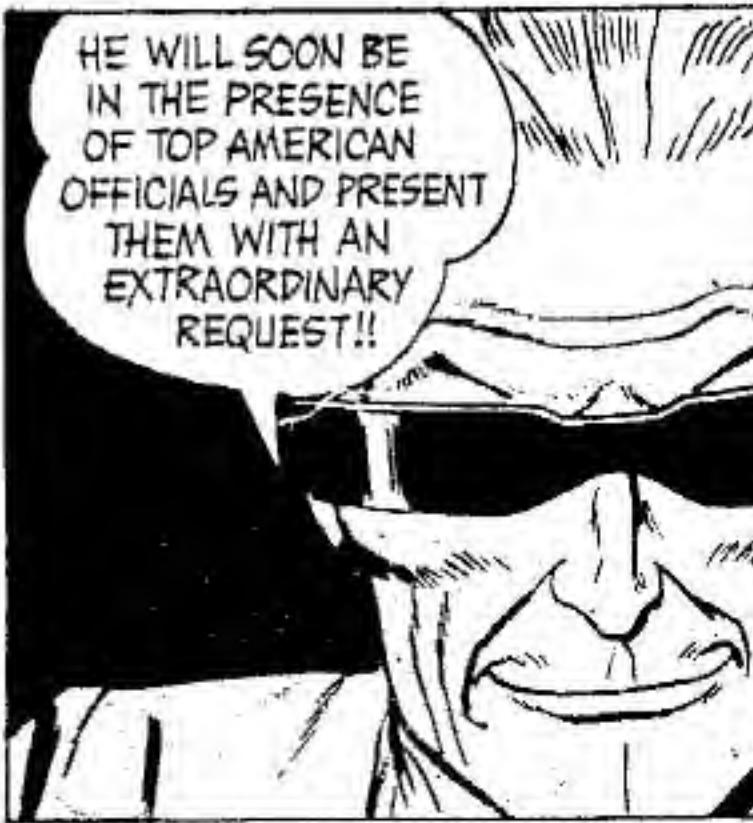
SLUMMING, MRS. MINUS? SKIP THE SARCASM AND LISTEN FAST.

WHERE IS STACEY?

SHALL I LOOK FOR HER, MR. MINUS?

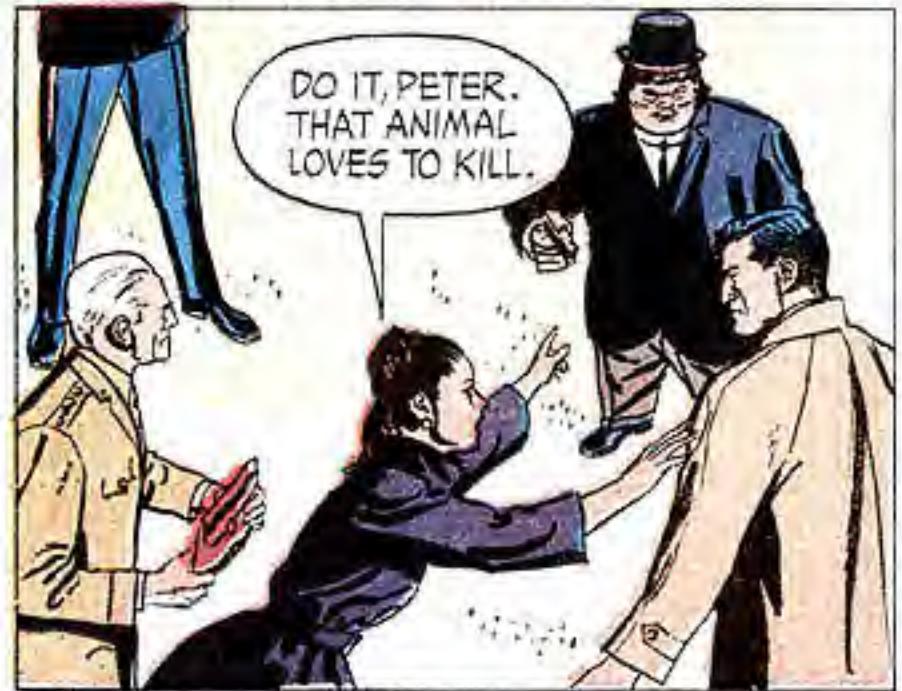
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PETER SCRATCH

by Lou Fine





PETER SCRATCH

by Lou Fine

"I AM WAITING FOR MY FINAL DECREE DARLING, FREEING ME FROM THAT HUMAN NIGHTMARE, MCMINUS. IT'S NOT CONSIDERED GOOD FORM FOR THE GIRL TO TELL THE BOY HOW TERRIBLY SHE MISSES HIM... SO... I MISS YOU TERRIBLY, PETER SCRATCH..."

THE HERALD-TRIBUNE



IT'S FROM TRACEY MINUS AND SHE'S GETTING A DIVORCE FROM MCMINUS. ONLY THERE IS NO MCMINUS. I PUT A .38 INTO HIM—REMEMBER?

DON'T GET STARTED ON THAT KICK, SON. THE POLICE NEVER FOUND A CORPUS. SO HOW COULD YOU HAVE PUT A SLUG INTO THE LITTLE MAN WHO WASN'T THERE?

'LUCKETT'S GOT A POINT. ONLY I'M THE STUBBORN TYPE. I HEARD THAT BULLET HIT—AND I HAD A WARM, AND EMPTY CHAMBER, IN MY GUN, WHEN THE COPS ARRIVED!

YOUR ORDERS, MR. MINUS?

ATTACK-ATTACK MR. PETER SCRATCH, UNTIL ALL THAT REMAINS IS A MINDLESS IDIOT JABBERING HIS HALLUCINATIONS AT A BORED POLICEMAN!

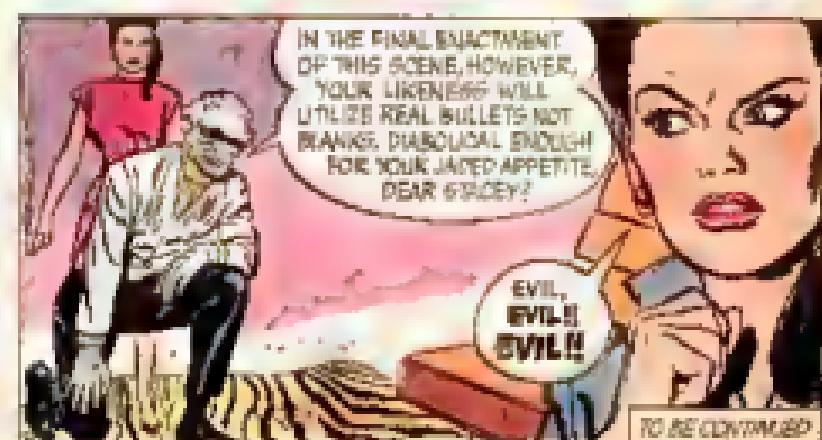
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TO BE CONTINUED

PETER SCRATCH

by LOU FINE

CONSIDER STACEY THE DELICIOUS POSSIBILITIES OF YOUR MR PETER SCRATCH CONFRONTED BY HIS ADORED STACEY HE WOULD TAKE YOU TENDERLY IN HIS ARMS...



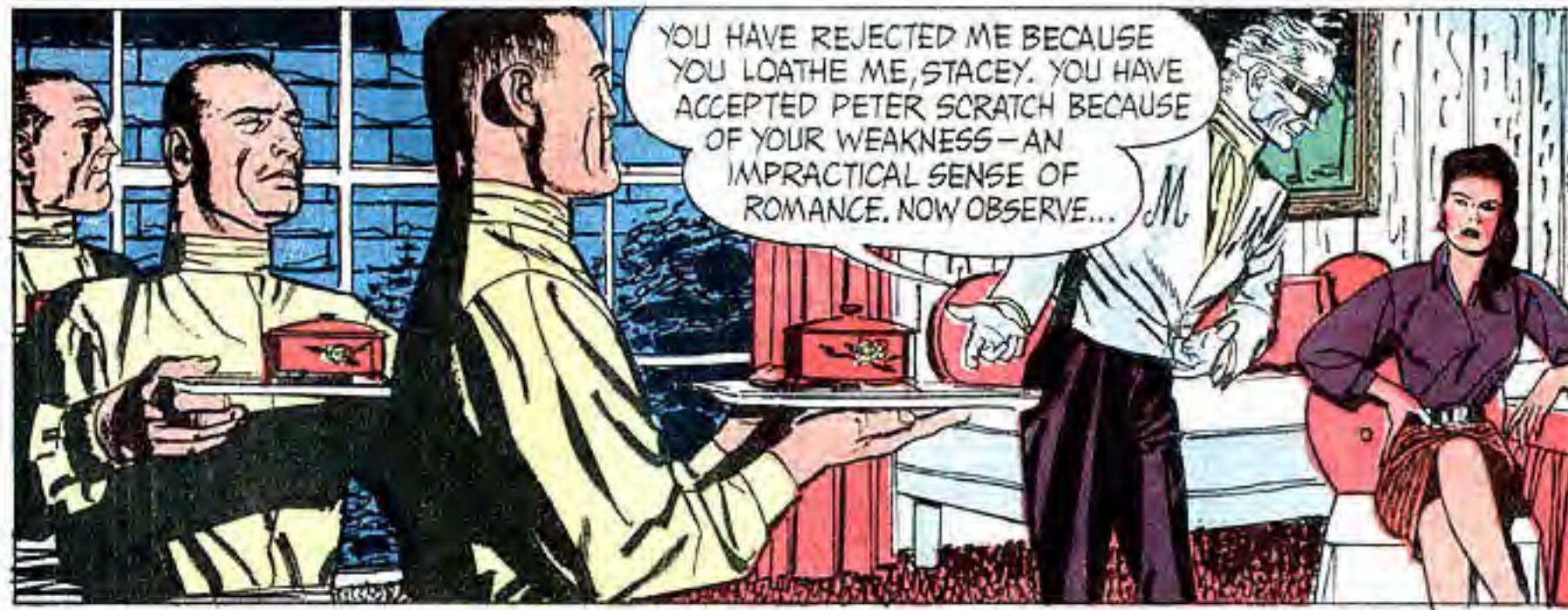
PETER SCRATCH

by Lou Fine



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PETER SCRATCH

by LOU FINE

I DREW TO REACH YOUR SON AT HIS OFFICE, BUT WITH SOME MRS. SCRATCH. NOW TELL ME HONESTLY—DO I STRIKE YOU AS THE TYPE THAT HANES EASY?

YOU'RE LIKE ME WHEN I WAS YOUR AGE, MURPHY—WHICH IS A SURPRISING COMPLIMENT COMING FROM ME.

OK, THEN I THINK PETERS IS IN DANGER!!

"ALFRED BUNCHEDOK HAS JUST TAKED ME MY WALKING PAPER AND A THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR DOING THE LAST SERVICE FOR HIM."

I ASSURE YOU, SCRATCH, THAT THE LIONS YOU ARE ABOUT TO CONFRONT ARE SHODD PEOPLE. THEY WERE BORN AND RAISED IN A CIRCUS.

LIONS AND LIONS, I ALWAYS SAY.

YOU SEE HOW EASILY WE CAN BE MISTAKEN FOR EACH OTHER? NATURALLY YOU DON'T HAVE MY CARRIAGE, BUT—



YOU WON'T HAVE TO TALK, JUST WALK BRAVEFOLY INTO THE LION CAGE TURN YOUR BACK ON THEM, AND SIGH TO THE TAUNTERING APPLAUSE OF THE CROWD.

"BACKTURNING—THAT'S NOT WHAT I DON'T ENJOY..."



I CAME AS FAST AS I COULD MURPHY, NOW HEATS THIS JAZZ ABOUT MY PETER BEING IN SOME SORT OF DANGER?

THE NOT SURE, MRS. SCRATCH...



...BUT IF SOMEBODY'S TRYING TO KICK OFF THE SCORPION, HE COULD GO RIGHT THROUGH HIS BODYGUARDS LIKE A HOT KNIFE THROUGH ROLLED CHEDDAR!



TO BE CONTINUED...

PETER SCRATCH

by LOU FINE

DON'T BE CHICKEN, SCORPIAN—
THESE PEOPLE HAVE PAID
HARD CASH TO WATCH YOU
TURN YOUR BACK ON
A PROBE OF AN-ARMED
LION! DON'T LET YOUR
AUDIENCE DOWN!!

"FOR \$2 SO THEY
DON'T BOAT
SICKING ME TORN
LION FROM LAMB.
BESIDES, WHAT
WOULD I DO FOR
AN ENCORE ???"

I STILL THINK THE
ONE IN THE
MIDDLE TRUTH AN
INSTINCT DRAWS
TO ME!!

"KNOCK OFF THE WHIP
JAZZ, BLISTER. YOU
GOD-DAMNED THUG
CATS GONE!"

"FOR ONE THING
I WISH TO PLUNGE
SCORPIAN FOR
ALFREDO HUMANCHICK,
WHOM'S SURPRISED
TO BE MAKING A
PROBE AT THIS
MOMENT."

"THAT'S THE IDEA,
SCORPIAN. THAT
MAKE THESE BLOODY
GENTLEMEN IN YOUR
DIRECTION AS YOU
CONTINUEDLY
TURN YOUR BACK ON
THEM UP GULIN!!"

"TIP: I WERE SULTAN
TO RECENT BEING
PUSHED AROUND
BY A GUY LEADS
TAN HALF HIS
WEIGHT WITH
NOTHING BUTTHIN'
HIM AND A SET OF
VERY DECENTLY
LOOKING DENTURES
EXCEPT A DOLL
THAT...."

"RIGHT NOW TO
GIVE ALFREDO
HUMANCHICK BACK
HIS \$2 NOTE—WITH
INTEREST—FOR A
SET OF STEEL
PARKS BETWEEN ME
AND THIS PACK OF
POTENTIALLY
FELINESS...."

"BUT A DEAL IS A DEAL—AS MY OLD MAM,
LUCRETIA, ALWAYS SAYS—AND THEM GAT LETS
THEMSELVES GET SUCKERED DON'T DESERVE
ANYTHING MORE THAN A CONDOLENCE CALL!"

"ABOUT WILD LIFE, I'M NO EXPERT—
BUT I'VE GOT A MOTHER'S FEELING
THAT MY FELINES ABOUT TO
SHAKE HANDS WITH
A LION!!

"THE ONE IN
THE MIDDLE
IS ANGRY...
VERY ANGRY....

TO BE CONTINUED...

PETER SCRATCH

by LOU FINE





"MY NOSEY OLD MOM, LUCRETIA, HAS CONNAED
ME INTO DROPPING IN ON BOBBY BLANE.
BLANE'S MOTHER CLAIMS HE'S AN ANGEL.
THE COPS SAY HE COULD BE THE SNIPER WHO
KNOCKED OFF AN INNOCENT CITIZEN."



GIVE BOBBY BLAME YOURSELF,
SON. IF YOU DON'T BUY HIS
STORY, THEN DUMP THE
CASE. IS IT A DEAL?

DON'T RUSH ME,
LUCRETIA. I WANT
TIME TO THINK.

TAKE ALL THE
TIME YOU WANT,
PETER - BUT GIVE
ME A QUICK
ANSWER!

I NEED YOU
AND YOU NEED
ME. WITHOUT EACH
OTHER WE'RE
USELESS...
HELPLESS...

"MY NOSEY OLD MOM, LUCRETA, HAS CONNED ME INTO DROPPIN' IN ON BOBBY BLANE. BLANE'S MOTHER CLAIMS HE'S AN ANGEL. THE COPS SAY HE COULD BE THE SNIPER WHO KNOCKED OFF AN INNOCENT CITIZEN."

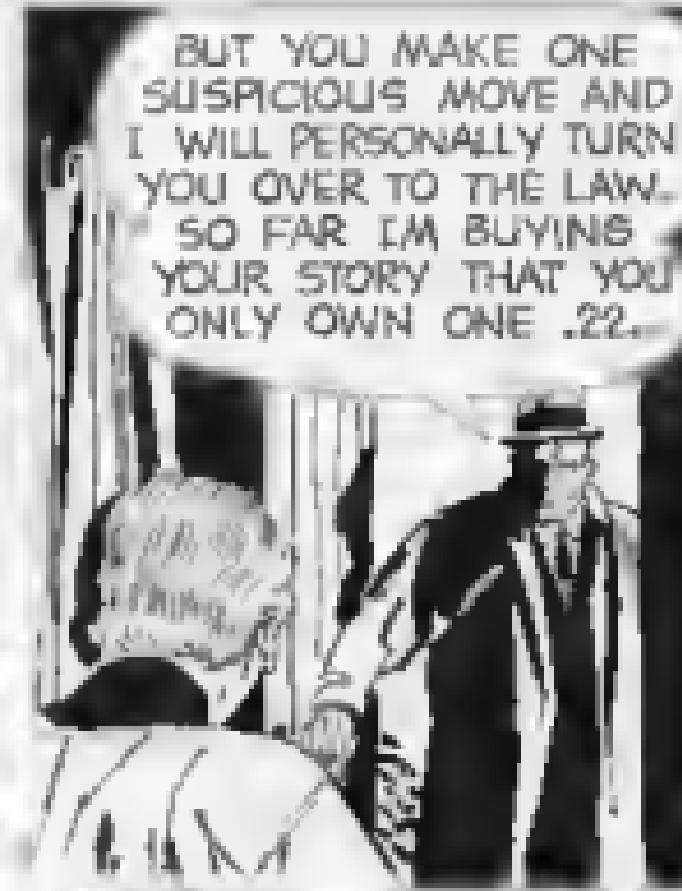


PETER SCRATCH

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OFFICER CALLEY REPORTED IN AND SAID HE HEARD A SHOT -RIGHT AT ABOUT THE SPOT WHERE THE SNIPER KNOCKED OFF THE GUY AND HIS DOG. SO - LET'S GET CRACKIN'.

WILL DO
LIEUTENANT!

I'LL GIVE YOU ODDS THERE WON'T BE A SIGN OF THE GUY WITH A GUN - BUT WE MIGHT END UP WITH A STIFF WHO STARTED OUT TO BUY A MORNING PAPER OR WALK OFF A HANGOVER!

POLICE

I SEE A GUY - AND HE'S BENDING DOWN .. OVER A MANHOLE COVER, I THINK.

AND I SPOT AN OLD LADY...
...RUNNING LIKE SHE JUST HAD A BAD FRIGHT OR...

A DOUBLE DOSE OF ADRENALIN!

POLICE
410

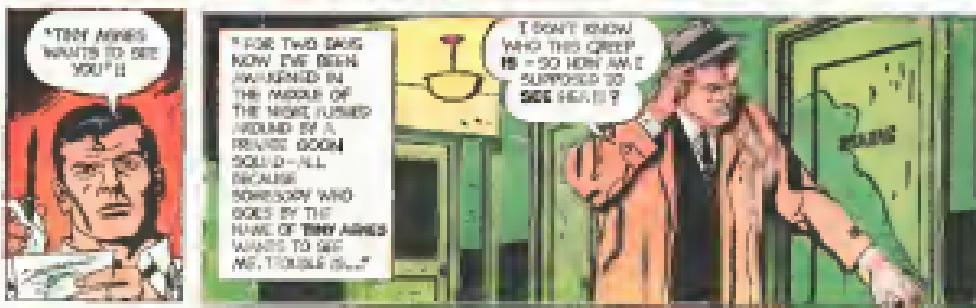
AND WHEN I SEE WHAT I SEE - IT'S GRUESOME BUT IT FIGURES!

TO BE CONTINUED



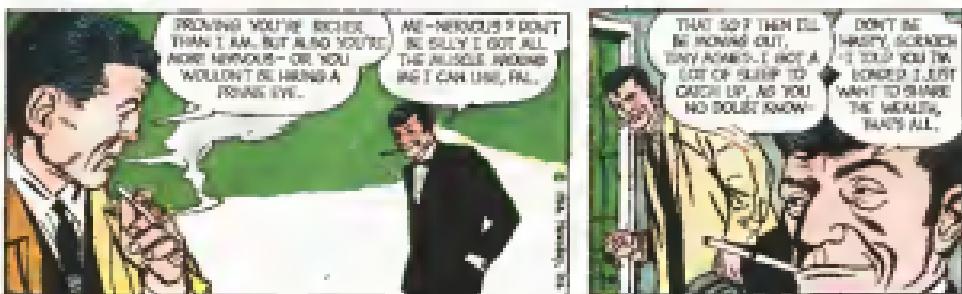
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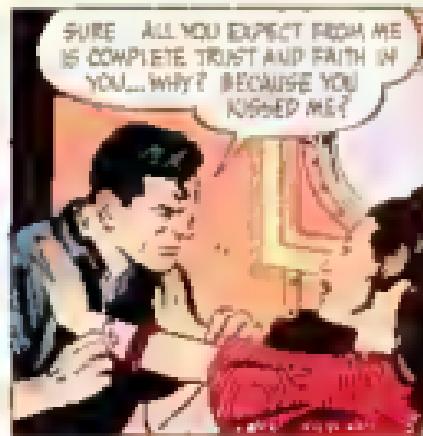
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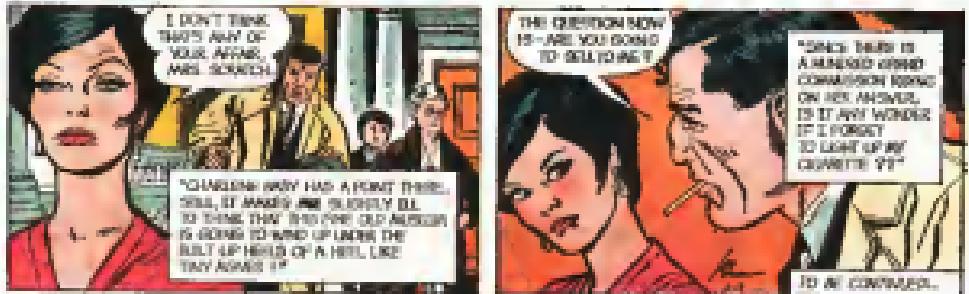
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"THE JUST BEEN
CAUGHT WINDING
PEPPING AT MY
LATEST CLIENT
TINY HONES. AN NO
REINHOLDERS WITH
SOCIETY'S OWN
CHASING TENDON...
THIS KIND OF ACTIVITY
IS FROWNS ON IN
TINY ASSES' CIRCLE
SO I TAKE THE FAST
WAY OUT...."



"BUT LIFE'S FULL OF
FUNKY SURPRISES,
LIVE WHEN I GET
BACK TO MY OFFICE."

"IGNORE MY SURPRISE
TO FIND THE LIST OF
THE BIG TIME SONGSTERS
— ANGUS TENDON —
SITTING IN MY OFFICE
LATE SHOT SPENT
MIGHT OF HIS LIFE
PACKED AWAY
WITH PRIVATE
DRIVE-INNERS."

"SO WHAT DO
I OWE THE HONOR
OF THIS VISIT?"

"STOP TRADING LIKE
A STOCK COMPANY
BUTLER, SORRY I'M
HERE BECAUSE I'M
OLD AND SMART
BUT I'M YOUNG AND
SMART. I DEVOUTLY HOPE I



"THAT'S THE CRIM
OPRAH LINE FOR A
PROFESSION THAT WANTS
ME UP BEHIND THE
EIGHT BALL, MRS. TENDON.
NOT GETTING HAD."

"YOU'RE
ON FIRE,
YOUNG MAN."

"HOW WELL
DO YOU KNOW
TINY ASSES?"

"THAT'S THE CLOUDSHE, THIN OLD GIRL. I'M NOT
CLOUD BUSTIN' — THAT'S TANNOY!"

"WHAT MAKES YOU
THINK I KNOW —
WHAT'S THAT HAVING?"

"STOP TRYING TO
PULL THE WOOL
OVER MY EYES,
MR. SCRATCH.
I WENT DOWN
YESTERDAY."

"MIND TELLING ME
HOW YOU FOUND
OUT?"

"I'LL TRADE YOU
FACTS. ANSWER FOR
ANTHROPOLOGY THAT
KNOBBED?"

"YOU THINKING THAT
I'M MUCH BETTER
HAN THIS CUTE OLD
NUMBER WORKED
FOR ME TURN
AGAINST ME!"

"TO MY CONVICTION."



PETER SCRATCH

by LOU FINE



SOCKO!



"THE NAME IS SCRATCH! I'M A PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR, PETER SCRATCH. FUNNY NAME, SCRATCH? I GUESS SO. CHARACTERS WHO'LL DO ANYTHING FOR A LAUGH CALL ME 'PETE THE ITCH.' THEY DO IT ONCE—NEVER AGAIN. YOU'VE GOT TO REMEMBER, SCRATCH ALSO MEANS DOUGH, OR THE DEVIL. REMEMBER THAT."

REMEMBER THAT—

If you like your comic strips spiced with power and excitement, you'll be fascinated by "Peter Scratch," which begins Monday in the Tucson Daily Citizen.

Scratch is one man against a fantastic cartel of villainy. This virile, hard-bitten hero attempts to stay honest in the face of terrible temptations (and is reasonably virtuous in the face of same). It all adds up to some pulsating predicaments—a breezy, wryly humorous comic strip that is pockmarked with high adventure.

Scratch's first case: "Don't Take My Picture!" The lively chase—and you would be wise to remember that—begins Monday in the Citizen.

IF IT'S WORTH READING

CITIZEN

TUCSON DAILY CITIZEN... YOUR AFTERNOON NEWSPAPER

